Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelmde his wits?
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternes?
And now he writes to heauen for his redresse,
See heeres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome,
Whats this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our vniustice euery where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no iustice were:
But if I liue, his fained extasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages,
But he and his shall know that iustice liues
In *Saturninus* health, whome if he sleepe,
He'le so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspiratour that liues.
Tamora. My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commaunder of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant sonnes,
Whose losse hath pearst him deepe, and scard his hart,
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Then prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts: Why thus it shall become
Hie witted *Tamora* to glose with all:
But *Titus* I haue touched thee to the quicke,
Thy life-blood out: if *Aron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the Anchor's in the port.

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow wouldst thou speake with vs?
Clowne. Yea forsooth, and your Misterships be Emperiall.